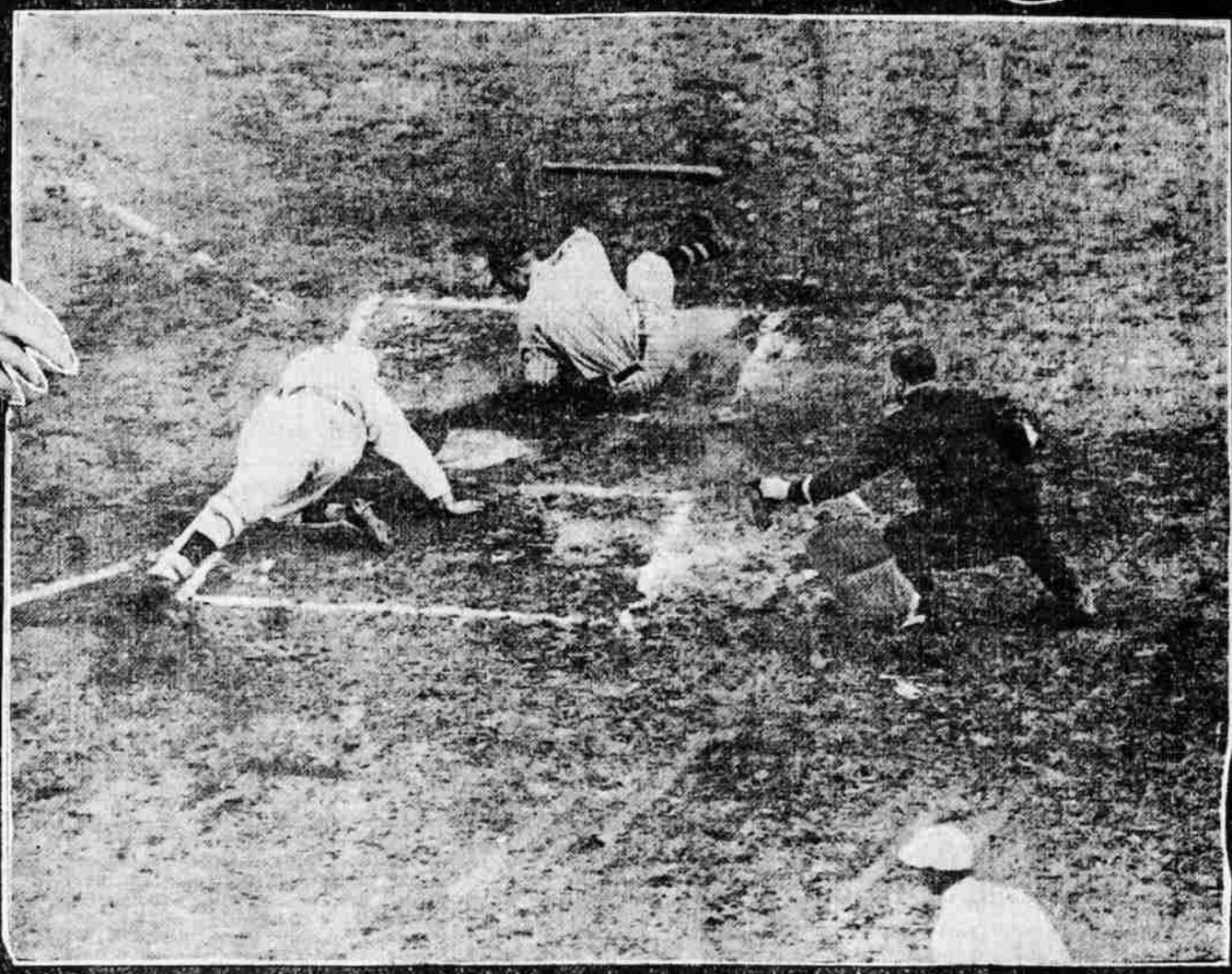


In the Hot Stove League



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all wrapped up in one. The man on third simply walked in with the winning run and the game was over.

"After the game I did a little investigating. Here's what Bugs did when I sent him out to warm up. He took a ball, went out through the gate in full uniform, walked to a saloon a block away, sold the ball for 50 cents, bought whiskey with the money, drank every drop of it and came back to wait for me to send him in to pitch. He admitted to me, afterwards, that when he went into the box he had to stand and study the scenery a while before he could locate the home plate."

UPPER left, Frank Schulte. Upper right, Oscar Stange. Lower left, Marty O'Toole. Lower right, George Stovall. Center, two close plays at the home plate.

"What's that?" replied Donlin. "You're fined \$100 for getting put out of the game."

"I am, am I? You little schrip."

Through the second inning and into the third they went. Covaleskie, intent in pitching, paid no heed.

But behind the bat there was one person who possessed nerves that were not attuned to such music. This was Billy Evans. The league's best umpire finally lost his smile and, turning to the New York bench, he bawled:

"Cut that out, you fellows. What d'ya thing this is—a county fair?"

Willie Doak of the Cardinals was teaching Hub Perdue how to throw a spitball. Hub has steaming speed



BY BILLY MURPHY.

"I've seen many a close game settled quickly and decisively," said John McGraw, recently, "but poor old Bugs Raymond settled one for us once about as quickly and decisively as any one would want to see a thing done. We were playing Pittsburgh. The Wagner crowd had got off with a lead, and we had gradually crowded up on them until in the sixth we had tied the score. It was a warm game all right. Both of us wanted it, and wanted it bad.

ball than any pitcher that ever lived. He'd been doing first-rate for us, too—keeping almost as steady as any one. I figured that the Pittsburghers wouldn't even begin to find him in their half of the ninth.

"We didn't score in our half of the ninth. I sent Matty to the clubhouse and sent in Bugs. The first ball he pitched was a fast one over the outside corner of the plate. I learned afterwards that it got there entirely by accident. The Pittsburgh batter—I forget who he was—just tapped it and sent it off an easy bound right into Bugs' mitt. It was the easiest assist in the world. Bugs whirled and threw the ball as if he were trying to cut off a home run



HEILBRONNER TELLS ONE ON MIKE DONLIN.

Louis Heilbronner, president of the Central League, was manager of the St. Louis Nationals for five days at the time when McGraw and Mike Donlin were members of that team. That was before Donlin's attempts to elevate the stage, but even then he was known as a bad actor. So much so that his frequent clashes with umpires caused Mike to adorn the bench most of the time. This caused McGraw to confer with Heilbronner.

"Mr. Heilbronner," said McGraw, "I think we would win a lot more games if we could keep Mike in the game. Can't you do something to stop his fighting with the umpires?"

Heilbronner arose to the extent of his four feet eleven inches and emphatically remarked: "I'll stop him. I'll fine him the next time he is put out by an umpire."

"That same afternoon as Umpire O'Day came to the St. Louis bench to get the batting order, Donlin greeted him with:

"So you are here, are you, you blind ———?"

"Yes, I am here, Mr. Donlin, and you are out of the game before it starts," retorted O'Day.

"That will cost you just \$100, Donlin," interposed Heilbronner.

"I'll show you."

With that he reached over and, grabbing Heilbronner with one hand, lifted him off the ground.

"Take the cover off the water bucket, Mac," he said to McGraw. "I am going to drown this insect of a manager."

"And I think he would have done it," says Heilbronner, "if I had not remitted the fine and resigned my job as manager on the spot."

Players throughout the American League live under the impression that Harry Covaleskie, the "Tators' southpaw," can be rattled by the persistent whistling, singing or playing of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

At different times this season opposing teams have tried to make Harry slip by following out this practice. They have yet to succeed, but ball players are persistent individuals.

New York's Highlanders started the tune when Covaleskie was pitching a recent game in Detroit. All through the first inning they whistled and sang and stamped feet in accompaniment. A double play pulled Covaleskie out of a hole in the first period and in the second the Highlanders renewed their efforts.

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and a curve that will go around a barrel. He figures that his repertory will be complete when he masters the splitter.

"Spitball pitchers are more or less fourflushers," said Perdue. "Two-thirds of the time they are only bluffing. They seldom throw a splitter unless they are up against it. Fooling the batsmen is their real stock in trade. I made the New York Giants believe that I had a splitter in the first game of the season in 1912. I was pitching for Boston. The contest was played on the Polo Grounds. The Giants put me in bad in the second inning. Fred Merkle was at bat. I pretended that I had a splitter and struck him out. On my way to our bench I overheard him say:

"Gee, that guy has a splitter that breaks a foot."

"After that I stalled beautifully and pulled the wool over their eyes. Made 'em believe that I was another Ed Walsh. Shut 'em out, 2-0. Just shows you how easy it is to get by if you know how."

JOE CANTILION AND HIS MACHINE OF VETS.

They tell a little story on Joe Cantilion and his vets. Joe immediately after the 1913 season, threw away everything pertaining to

baseball, and it wasn't until Christmas that he thought of his players. Joe managed to get up enough energy to drop each a card, wishing them a Merry Christmas and telling them there would be an important meeting of the club two weeks before the season opened, and that he wanted them all present.

The time for the meeting arrived and all of the players were on hand with the exception of Pongo. After a few moments' wait Joe

Akron. While beating his way through the Ohio bushes, Herr heard that Akron had a catcher who was ripe for promotion. The day he looked over the backstop Doak twirled for Akron. Willie showed so well that Eddie started bargaining for him on sight.

"How much for Doak's release?" inquired Eddie of the Akron manager.

"Three thousand five hundred," replied the Akron magnate.

"I don't think there is that much



In the seventh and eighth we had to fight for our lives to keep 'em from scoring. It looked as if they were getting to Matty, and I decided to do something to stand off the desperate rally they would make in their half of the ninth. I told Bugs to go out in the right field corner and warm up. You know poor old Bugs really had more stuff on the

from deep center. The ball went so far over the first baseman's head that it hit the grand stand on the fly. Before we chased it down and got it back in the game, the Pittsburgh batter was on third. Then Wagner came to the bat. The first ball Bugs pitched him struck the ground eight feet behind Wagner's back. It was about six wild pitches

burst in the door.

"Everybody here?" he inquired. "Everybody," was the answer.

"Good!" cried Joe. "The same signals go. Now get in shape." And the meeting was over in less than a minute.

Eddie Herr, Cardinal scout, tells an interesting yarn about how he came to buy Willie Doak from

money in the world," replied Herr as he made a rush for the ticket office and purchased transportation to an obscure point in Michigan.

He had not been gone long before he began to get messages from Akron cutting figures on Doak. The upshot of it was he paid \$1,000 for the pitcher—and then the league blew up!